

JOSÉ PADUA

On the Beach

Our hearts are looking inward
with the leaves, the briny crust
of ocean on evening skin makes us
ill with motion remembered
in thick swipes of rubber blades
against shiny glass. No gull
subverts its arc toward a surface
filled with shells, though dolphins
rise and fall with every hellion
of restraint. Let's break through
the bastions of propriety, unseal
the wax that protects the inner ear.
Let us be monsters
smashing through the force
of that cold, white wave.